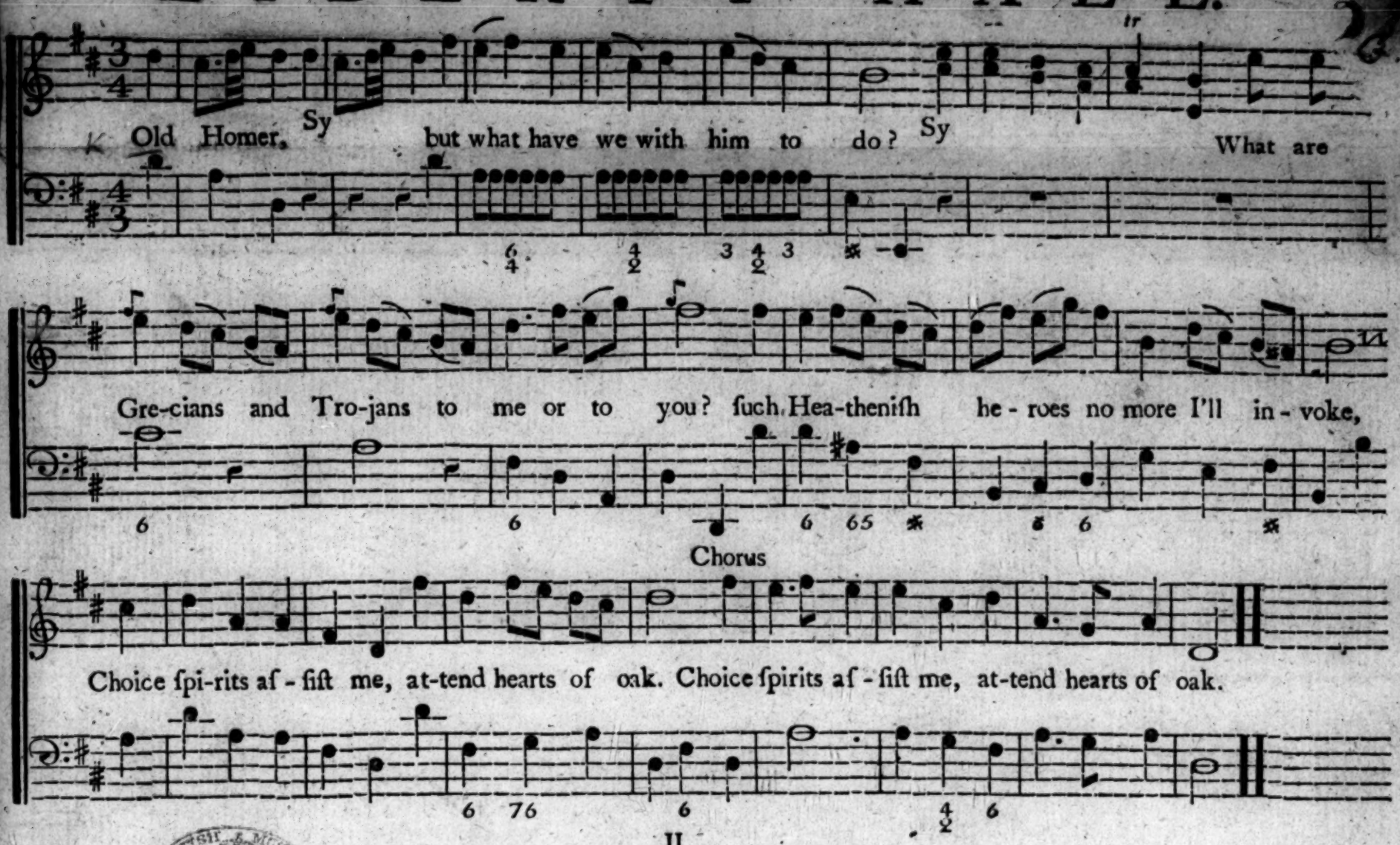
LIBERTY-HALL.



BRITISH MUSEUM

II.

Sweet Peace, belov'd handmaid of ſcience and art,
Unanimity, take your petitioner's part;
Accept of my ſong, 'tis the beſt I can do;
But firſt, may it pleaſe you, my ſervice to you.

III.

Perhaps my addreſs you may premature think,
Becauſe I have mention'd no toaſt as I drink;
There are many fine toaſts, but the beſt of them all
Is the toaſt of the times, that is, Liberty-Hall.

IV.

That fine Britiſh building by Alfred was fram'd,
Its grand corner-ſtone Magna Charta is nam'd;
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And form'd the front-pillars of Liberty-Hall.

V.

That manor our fore-fathers bought with their blood,
And their ſons and their grandſons have prov'd their deeds good;
By that title we live, by that title we'll fall
For life is not life out of Liberty-Hall.

VI.

In her mantle of honour each ſtar-ſpangled fold,
Playing bright in the ſun-ſhine, the burniſh of gold;
Truth beams on her breaſt; ſee, at Loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty-Hall.

VII.

Ye ſweet-ſmelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
The ſpaniels of pow'r, and Bounty's diſgrace,
So pliant, ſo ſervile, ſo paſſive ye fall;
But paſſive obedience loſt Liberty-Hall.

VIII.

But when Revolution had ſettled the crown,
And natural Reaſon knock'd Tyranny down,
No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of Liberty-Hall.

IX.

See England triumphant, her ſhips ſweep the ſea,
Her ſtandard is Juſtice, her watch-word "be free;"
Our King is our countryman, Engliſhman all,
God bleſs him, and bleſs us in Liberty-Hall.

X.

An vere is dis hall? Monſieur vants to know,
'Tis neither at Marli, Verſailles, Fontainbleau;
'Tis a place of no mortal architect's art,
For Liberty-Hall is an Engliſhman's heart.